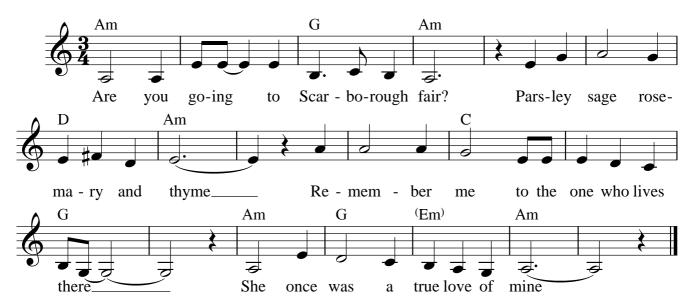
Scarborough Fair



Man:

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Remember me to the one who lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme; Without any seam or needlework, Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme; Where never sprung water or rain ever fell, And she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
Then she shall be a true love of mine.

Woman:

Now he has asked me questions three, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme; I hope he'll answer as many for me, Before he shall be a true love of mine. Tell him to buy me an acre of land, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme; Between the salt water and the sea sand, Then he shall be a true love of mine.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme; And sow it all over with one pepper corn, And he shall be a true love of mine.

Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme; And bind it up with a peacock's feather, And he shall be a true love of mine.

Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall, Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme, And never let one corn of it fall, Then he shall be a true love of mine.

When he has done and finished his work.
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme:
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
And he shall be a true love of mine.